C

THE LETTING OF HVMORS BLOOD IN THE HEAD-VAINE.

3.

With a new Morisco, daunced by seuen *Satyres*, vpon the bottome of *Diogenes Tubbe*.

Imprinted at London by W. W.
1613.

TO THE GENTLE-men Readers.

HVmors, *is late crownd King of* Caualeeres,
Fantastique-follies, *grac'd with common fauour:*
Ciuilitie, *hath serued out his yeares,*
And scorneth now to waite on Good-behauiour:
Gallants, *like* Richard *the Vsurper, swagger,*
That had his hand continuall on his Dagger.

Fashions *is still consort with New-found shapes,*
And feedeth dayly vpon Strange disguises:
Wee shew our selues the imitating Apes
Of all the toyes that Strangers heades deuises,
For there's no habite of hell-hatched Sinne,
That we delight not to be clothed in.

Some sweare as though they Starres from heauen could pull,
And all their speech is poynted at the stabbe,
When all men know it is some coward Gull,
That is but Champion to a Shoreditch Drabbe,
Whose Feather, is his heades lightnes proclamer,
Although he seeme some mighty Monster-tamer.

To the Gentlemen Readers.

Epicurisme *cares not how he liues,*
But still perswadeth brutish Appetite.
Disdaine, *regardes not what abuse he giues*
Careless of wronges, and vnregarding right.
Selfe-loue, *(they say) to* Selfe-conceit *is wed:*
By which base match, are vgly vices bred.

Pride *reuels like the roysting* Prodigall,
Stretching his credite that his Purse stringes cracks,
Vntill in some distress full sayle he fall:
Which wore of late, a Lordship on his backs:
Where hee till death, must lie in pawne for debt:
Griefes night is neere, when Pleasures Sunne is set.

Vaunting *hath got a mighty thundring voyce,*
Looking that all men should applaude his sound:
His diedes are singular, his wordes be choyce,
On earth his equall is not to be found.
Thus Vertu's *hid with* Follies *iugling mist,*
And hees no man, that is no humorist.

R. S.

TO POETS.

GOod honeſt Poets, let me craue a boone,
That you would write, I doe not care how ſoone
Againſt the baſtard Humors howerly bred
In euery mad-braind wit-worne giddy head:
At ſuch groſſe tollies doe not ſit and winke,
Belabour theſe ſame Guls with pen and incke:
You ſee ſome ſtriue for faire hand-writing fame,
As *Peter Bales*, his Signe can prooue the ſame,
Gracing his credit with a Golden Pen:
I would haue Poets prooue more fallet men,
In perfect letters reſted his contention;
But yours conſiſtes in Wits choyce rare inuention.
Will you ſtand ſpending your inuentions treaſure,
To teach ſtage Parrets ſpeake for penny pleaſure,
While you your ſelues like muſicke ſounding Lutes,
Fretted and ſtrung, giue them their ſilken ſutes.
Leaue *Cupids* cut, Womens face-flatt'ring prayſe,
Loues ſubiect growes too threedbare now adayes.
Chaunge *Venus* Swannes, to write of *Vulcans* Geeſe,
And you ſhall merite Golden Pens apeece.

FINIS.

Mirth pleaſeth ſome, to others ſ'offends:
Some wiſh t'haue Follies told, ſome diſlike that:
Some commend Pleine conceites, ſome Profound ſence:
And moſt would haue, themſelues they know not what.
Then he that would pleaſe all, and him ſelfe too,
Takes more in hand, then he is like to doo.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 1.

MOnſieur *Domingo*, is a skilfull man,
For much experience he hath lately got,
Prouing more Phiſicke in an Ale-houſe Can,
Then may be found in any Vintners Pot:
Beere he proteſtes is ſodded and refin'd;
But this he ſpeakes, being ſingle pennie lin'd.

For when his Purſe is ſwolne but ſix-pence big,
Why then he ſweares; Now by the Lord I thinke,
All Beere in *Europe* is not worth a Fig:
A cup of Claret is the onely drinke.
And thus his praiſe from Beere to Wine doth goe,
Euen as his Purſe in Pence doth ebbe and flow.

EPIG. 2.

WHo ſeekes to pleaſe all men each way,
And not himſelfe offend:
He may begin his worke to day,
But God knowes when hee'le end.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 3. *BOREAS.*

HAng him baſe Gull, Ile ſtab him by the Lord,
If he preſume to ſpeake but halfe a word:
Ile panch the villaine with my Rapiers poynt,
Or heaw him with my Fawchion ioynt by ioynt:
through both his cheeks my poniard he ſhal haue
Or Mincepy-like, Ile mangle out the ſlaue.
Aske who I am, you whorſan freez-gowne patch,
Call me before the Conſtable or Watch?
Cannot a Captaine walke the Kings high-way?
Swonds, who de ſpeake to? know ye villaines, ha?
You drunken peſants, run's your tongs on wheels
Long you to ſee your guts about your heeles?
Dooſt loue me *Tom?* let goe my Rapier then,
Perſwade me not from killing nine or ten:
I care no more to kill them in braueado,
Then for to drinke a pipe of *Trenidado.*
My minde to patience neuer will reſtore me,
Vntill their blood doe guſh in ſtreames before me.
Thus doth Sir *Lancelot* in his drunken ſtagger,
Sweare, curſe & raile, threaten, proteſt & ſwagger:
But being next day to ſober anſwere brought,
Hee's not the man can breed ſo baſe a thought.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 4.

WHen *Thraſo* meetes his friend, he ſweares by (God,
Vnto his Chamber he ſhall welcome bee:
Not that heele cloy him with roſt or ſod,
Such vulgar diet with Cookes ſhops agree:
But heele preſent moſt kind, exceeding franke,
The beſt *Tobacco* that he euer dranke.

Such as himſelfe did make a voyage for,
And with his owne hands gatherd fro̅ the ground
All that which other fetcht, he doth abhor,
His grew vpon an Iland neuer found:
Oh rare compound, a dying Horſe to choke,
Of Engliſh Fire, and of India Smoke.

EPIG. 5.

D*iogenes* one day through *Athens* went,
With burning Torch in Sun-ſhine: his intent
Was (as he ſayd) ſome honeſt man to finde:
For ſuch were rare to meete, or he was blind.
one late, might haue done well like lights t'haue got
That ſought his Wife, met her, and knew her not.
But ſtay, cry mercy, ſhe had on her Maske,
How could his eyes performe their ſpying taske?

T'is

T'is very true, t'was hard for him to doo,
By Sunne & Torch; let him take Lat-horne too.

EPIG. 6.

ALas, *Dolfridus* keepes his Bed, God knowes,
Which is a ſigne his Worſhip's very ill:
His griefe beyond the grounds of Phiſicke goes,
No Doctor that comes neare it with his skill:
Yet doth he eate, drinke, talke, & ſleepe profound,
Seeming to all mens iudgements healthfull ſound.

Then geſſe the cauſe he thus to bed is drawne.
What, thinke you ſo? may ſuch a hap procure it?
Well t'is very true, his Hoſe are out at pawne;
A breechleſſe chaunce is come, he muſt indure it:
His Hoſe to Brokers Iayle committed are,
His ſingular and onely Veluet paire.

EPIG. 7.

SPeake Gentemen, What ſhall we doe to day,
Drinke ſome braue health vpon the Dutch ca- rouſe?
Or ſhall we to the *Globe* and ſee a Play?
Or viſit *Shordich* for a Baudie houſe?
Lets call for Cardes or Dice, and haue a Game,

To

EPIGRAMS.

To ſit thus idle, is both ſinne and ſhame.

This ſpeakes Sir *Reuell*, furniſht out with faſhion,
From diſh-crownd Hat, vnto the ſhoes ſquare toe
That haunts a Whore-houſe but for recreation:
Playes but at Dice to Cunny-catch, or ſo:
Drinkes prunke in kindnes for good fellowſhip,
Or to the Play goes, but ſome Purſe to nip.

EPIG. 8.

SIr *Gall-iade*, is a Horſe-man eu'ry day,
His Bootes & Spurs, and Legges do neuer part,
Hee rides a Horſe as paſsing cleane away,
As any that goes Tiburne-ward by Cart:
Yet honeſtly he payes for Hacknyes hire:
But hange them lades, he ſels them when they tire.

He liues not like *Diogenes* on Rootes,
But prooues a Mince-pie gueſt vnto his Hoſt.
He ſcornes to walke in *Paules* without his Bootes;
And ſcores his Diet on the Vitlers poſt:
And whē he knowes not where to haue his dinner
He faſtes, and ſweares, a Glutton is a ſinner.

This

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 9. *Drudo.*

THis Gentleman hath ſerued long in *France*,
And is returned filthy full of *French*;
In ſingle Combat being hurt by chaunce,
As he was cloſely foyling at a Wench:
Yet not alarmes he hath endur'd good ſtore,
But neuer in like pockie heate before.

He had no ſooner drawne and ventred ni-her,
Intending onely but to haue about,
When ſhe his Flaske & Touch-box ſet on fier;
And till this houre the burning is not out:
Iudge? was not valour in this Martiall wight,
That with a ſpit-fire Serpent ſo durſt fight?

EPIG. 10.

SOme doe account it golden lucke,
They may be Widdow-ſped for mucke:
Boyes, on whoſe chinnes no Downe appeares,
Marry old Drones of threeſcore yeares:
But they are fooles to Widdowes cleaue:
Let them take that which Maydes doe leaue.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 11. *In Meritricem.*

FYe Gentleman, you moue me to offence,
In comming to me with vnchaſt pretence;
Haue I the looke of a laſciuious Dame,
That you ſhould deeme me fit for wantons game?
I am not ſhe will take luſtes ſinne vpon her,
Ile rather die, then dimme chaſt glorious honour.
Tempt not mine eares; & grace of Chriſt I meane
To keepe mine honeſt reputation cleane:
My hearing lets no ſuch leawd ſound come in,
My ſenſes loth to ſurfet on ſweet ſinne:
Reuerſe your minde, that goes from grace aſtray,
And God forgine you, with my heart I pray.
The gallant notes her words, obſerues her frowns
Then draws his purſe, & lets her view his crowns
Vowing that if her kindnes graunt him pleaſure,
She ſhall be Miſtris to commaund his treaſure.
The ſtormes are calm'd, the guſt is ouer-blowne,
And ſhe replyes with; *Yours, or not her owne.*
Deſiring him to cenſure for the beſt,
Twa's but her tricke to try if men doe ieſt:
Her loue is lock'd where he may pick the truncke
Let *Singer* iudge if this be not a Puncke.

Epig. 12.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 12.

POlitique *Peter* meetes his friend a ſhore,
That came from Seas but newly tother day:
And giues him French embracements by ꝑ ſcore;
Then followes *Dicke*, haſt made good viage, ſay?
But hearing *Richards* ſhares be poore and ſicke,
Peter ha's haſte, and can not drinke with *Dicke*.

Well, then he meetes an other Caualeere,
Whom he ſalutes aboue the Knees and Thighs:
welcome ſweet *Iames*, now by ꝑ Lord what cheere
Ne're better *Peter*, we haue got rich prize.
Come, come (ſayes *Peter*) ieuen a welcome quart,
For by my fay, weele drinke before we part:
Or thus.
Sure me muſt drinke, that's flat, before we part.

EPIG. 13.

FIne *Philip* comes vnto the Barbers ſhop,
Where's nittie Locks muſt ſuffer reformation:
The Chaire and Chuſhion entertaines his ſlopp:
The Barber craues to know his worſhips faſhion
His will is, ſhauen; for his Beard is thin,
It was ſo lately baniſh'd from his chin;

But

But ſhauing oft will helpe it, he doth hope,
And therefore for the ſmooth-face cut he calles:
Then fie, theſe Cloathes are waſht with common Sope;
Why doſt thou vſe ſuch ordinarie Bals?
I ſcorne this common trimming like a Boore,
Yet with his heart he loues a common Whore.

EPIG. 14.

Signeur Fantaſticke,

I Scorne to meete an Enemie in field,
Except he be a Souldier (by this light)
I likewiſe ſcorne my reaſon for to yeeld:
Yea further, I doe well nigh ſcorne to fight;
Moreouer, I doe ſcorne to be ſo vaine,
To draw my Rapier, and put vp againe.

I eke do ſcorne to walke without my man,
Yea and I ſcorne good morrow and good deane:
I alſo ſcorne to touch an Ale-houſe cann
There to I ſcorne an ordinarie Queane.
Thus doth he ſcorne, diſdainfull, proud, & grim
All but the Foole onely, he ſcornes not him.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 15.

A Morous *Austin* spendes much Balletting
In riming Letters, & loue Sonetting: (her,
Shee that loues him, his Inck-horne shall bepaint
And with all *Venus* tytles he'le acquaint her:
Vowing she is a perfect Angell right,
When she by waight is many graines too light:
Nay, all that do but touch her with the Stone,
Will be depos'd that Angell she is none:
How can he prooue her for an Angell then,
That prooues her selfe a Diuell tempting men:
And draweth many to the fierie pit,
Where they are burned for their entring it?
I know no cause wherefore he tearmes her so,
Vnlesse he meanes shee's one of them below,
Where *Lucifer* chiefe Prince, doth domineere:
If she be such; then good my hearts stand cleere,
Come not within the compasse of her flight,
For such as doe, are haunted with a Spright.
This Angell is not noted by her Winges,
But by her Tayle, all full of prickes and stinges:
And know this lust-blind Louer's vaine is led,
To pray to his Diuell, in an Angels stead.

Epig. 16.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 16.

Gallus will haue no Barbour prune his Beard,
Yet is his Chin cleane ſhauen and vnheard:
How comes he trimmed, you may aske me than?
His Wenches doe it with their Warming pan.

EPIG. 17.

WHen *Caual ro Rake-hell* is to riſe
Out of his Bed, he capers light and headdie:
Thē wounds he ſwears; you arrant whore he cries
Why what's the cauſe that breakfaſt is not reddy?
Can men feed (like *Camelions*) on the ayre?
This is the manner of his Morning prayer.

Well, he ſweares on vntill his Breakfaſt comes,
And then with teeth he falles to worke apace:
Leauing his Boy a Banquet all of Crummes.
Diſpatch you Rogue; my Rapier, thats his Grace:
So, foorth he walkes, his Stomacke muſt go ſhift,
To dine and ſup abroad, by deed of gift.

EPIG. 18.

A Woefull exclamation late I heard,
Wherewith *Tobacco* takers may be feard:

One(at the poynt with Pipe and Leafe to part)
Did vow *Tobacco* worſe then Deaths blacke dart;
And prou'd it thus: You know(qd.he)my friends
Death onely ſtabs the heart and ſo life ends:
But this ſame Poyſon,ſteeped *India* weede,
In head,hart,lunges,doth foote & cobwebs breed.
With that he gaſp'd,& breath'd out ſuch a ſmoke,
That all the ſtanders by were like to choke.

EPIG. 19.

Acus would gladly drinke,but wants his Purſe
Nay wants mony,which is ten times worſe:
For as he vowes himſelfe,he hath not ſeene
In three dayes ſpace,the picture of the King:
Yet if he meete a friend neere Tauerne ſigne,
Straight he intreats him take a pint of Wine;
For he will giue it,that he will,no nay.
What will he giue? the other leaue to pay.
He calleth;Boy,fill vs the tother Quart,
I will beſtow it euen with all my heart:
Then doth he diue into his Slops profound,
Where not a poore Port-cullice can be found:
Meane while,his friend diſcharges all the Wine;
Stay,ſtay,(quoth he)or well,next ſhall be mine.

EPIG. 20.

SOme can prooue ſuch as be drunke by noone,
Are long-liu'd men: the Poxe he can as ſoone.
Nay heare his reaſon ere you do condemne,
And if you find it fooliſh, hiſſe and hemme.
He ſayes, Good blood is euen the life of man.
I graunt him that: (ſay you) well go-to than,
More Drinke, the more good blood. O that's a lie!
The more you drinke, the ſooner drunke, ſay I.
Now he proteſtes you doe him mighty wrong;
Swearing, a man in drinke, is three men ſtrong,
And he will pawne his head againſt a penny,
One right mad drunke, wil braule & fight with a-
Well, you reply: that argument is weake, (ny.
How can a Drunkard braule, that can not ſpeake?
Or how can he vſe Weapon in his hand,
Which can not guide his feete to goe or ſtand?
Harke what an oath the drunkē ſlaue doth ſweare,
He is a man by that, a man may heare:
And when you ſee him ſtagger, reele, and winke,
He is a man and more, I by this Drinke.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 21.

FRancke in name, and Francke by nature,
Francus is a moſt kind creature:
Her ſelfe hath ſuffered many a fall,
In ſtriuing how to pleaſure all.

EPIG. 22.

When ſigneur *Sacke & Suger* drinke dround reeles,
He vowes to heaw the Spurs from's fellows heeles
When calling for a quart of *Charnico*,
Into a louing league they preſent grow:
Then inſtantly vpon a Cup or twaine,
Out Poniards goe, and to the ſtabbe againe:
Friends vpon that; they drinke, and ſo imbrace:
Straight bandy Daggers at each others face.
This is the humour of a madde druncke foole,
In Tauerne pots that keepes his Fencing-ſchoole.

EPIG. 23.

Cornutus was exceeding ſicke and ill,
Pain'd as it ſeemed, chiefly in his head:
He call'd his friends, meaning to make his Will,
Who found him drunke with hoſe & ſhoes a bed:
To whom he ſaid; Oh good my Maiſters ſee,
Drinke with his dart, hath all beſtabbed mee.

EPIGRAMS.

I heere bequeath, if I doe chance to die,
To you kind friends and *boone* companions all,
A pound of good *Tobacco*, sweete and dry,
To drinke amongst you at my Funerall:
Besides, a Barrell of the best strong Beere,
And Pickle-hearings, for to domineere.

EPIG. 24.

VVEe Men, in many faultes abound:
But two in Women can be found
The worst that from their sex proceedes,
Is naught in words, and naught in deedes.

EPIG. 25.

BIdde mee go sleepe? I scorne it with my heeles,
I know my selfe as good a man as thee:
Let goe mine Arme I say, lead him that reeles,
I am a right good Fellow; dost thou see?
I know what longes to drinking, and I can
Abuse my selfe as well as any man.

I care no more for twentie hundred pound,
(Before the Lord) then for a very straw:
Ile fight with any hee aboue the ground.

Tut tell me whats what, I know the Law,
Rapier and Dagger: hey, a kingly fight:
He now try faiſes with any, by this light.

EPIG. 26.

BEhold a moſt accompliſh'd Caualeere,
That the worlds Ape of faſhions doth appeare
Walking the ſtreetes his humors to diſcloſe,
In the French Doublet, and the German Hoſe;
The Muffes Cloake, Spaniſh Hat, Toledo blade,
Italian Ruffe, a Shoe right Flemiſh made;
Like Lord of Miſrule, where he comes he'le reuel,
And lye for wagers, with the lying'ſt Diuell.

EPIG. 27.

ASke *Humors*, why a Feather he doth weare?
It is his humour (by the Lord) hee'le ſweare.
Or, what he doth with ſuch a Horſe-taile Locke?
Or, why vpon a Whore he ſpends his ſtocke?
He hath a Humour doth determine ſo.
Why in the ſtop-throat faſhion doth he go,
With Scarfe about his necke, Hat without band?
It is his Humour, ſweete ſir vnderſtand.

What

EPIGRAMS.

What cauſe his Purſe is ſo extreame diſtreſt,
That often times t'is ſcarcely penny bleſt?
Onely a Humour: If you queſtion why;
His tongue is nere vnfurniſh'd with alye:
It is his Humour too, he doth proteſt.
Or, why with Sergiants he is ſo oppreſt,
That like to Ghoſtes they haunt him ery day?
A raſcall Humour, doth not loue to pay.
Obiect, why Bootes & Spurres are ſtill in ſeaſon?
His Humour anſwer's, Humour is his reaſon.
If you perceiue his Witt's in wetting ſhrunke:
It commeth of a Humour to be drunke.
When you behold his lookes pale, thin, & poore,
Th'occaſion is, his Humour, and a Whore.
And euery thing that he doth vndertake,
It is his veine, for ſenceleſſe Humours ſake.

EPIG. 28.

Three high-way ſtanders, hauing cros-les curſſe,
Did greet my frend with, ſir, giue vs your purſſe
Though he were true-man, they agreed in one:
For purſſe & coine betwixt them foure was none.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 29.

A Gentlewoman of the dealing trade,
Procur'd her owne ſweet Picture to be made:
Which being done, ſhe from her word did ſlip,
And would not pay full due for workmanſhip:
The Painter ſwore ſhe nere ſhould haue it ſo;
She bade him keepe it, and away did goe.
Hee chollericke, and mighty diſcontent,
Straight tooke his Pencell and to worke he went,
Making the Dogge ſhe held, a grim Cattes face,
And hung it in his ſhop to her diſgrace:
Some of her friends that ſaw it, to her went,
In teſting manner, asking what ſhe meant
To haue her Picture hang where gazers ſwarme,
Holding a filthy Catt within her arme?
She in a ſhamefull heate in haſte did hie,
The Painter to content and ſatisfie;
Right glad to giue a French crowne for his paine,
To turne her Catte into a Dogge againe.

EPIG. 30.

WHat's hee that ſits and takes a nap,
Fac'd like the North-wind of a Map:
And ſleeping, to the Wine doth nod?
Tis *Bacchus* cooſen, Belly-god.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 31.

WHen *Tarleton* cloun'd it in a pleaſant vaine,
And with conceits did good opinions gaine
Vpon the Stage, his merry humors ſhop, (ſlop.
Clownes knew the Clowne by his great clowniſh
But now th'are gull'd, for preſent faſhion ſayes,
Duke Tarletons part, Gentlemens Breeches playes:
In euery ſtreete where any *Gallant* goes,
The ſwagg'ring Slop, is *Tarletons* clowniſh Hoſe.

EPIG. 32. *To Lutius.*

ONe newly practiz'd in Aſtronomie,
That neuer dealt in Weather-wit before,
Would ſcrape (forſooth) acquaintance of the Skie,
And by his Art, goe knocke at Heauen dore:
Meane while, a Scholler in his Studie ſlips,
And taught his Wife skill in the Moones eclips

Next night, that friend perſwads him walke alone
Into the field to gather Starres that fell,
To mix them with Philoſophers rare Stone
That begets Gold: hee likt that motion well,
And went to watch, where Starres dropt very thin
But raine ſo ſhowr'd, it wet his fooles-caſe skin.

Epig. 33.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 33.

WHat gallant's that, whoſe oaths fly throuh my (eares,
How like a Lord of *Plutoes* court he ſweares:
How braue in ſuch a baudy houſe he fought,
How rich his emptie Purſe is outſide wrought,
how Duchman-like he ſwallows down his drinke
How ſweete he takes *Tobacco* till he ſtinke:
How lofty ſprited he diſdaines a Boore,
How fay thfull hearted he is to a ( )
How cock-taile proud he doth his head aduance:
How rare his Spurs doth ring the Morris-dance:
Now I proteſt by Miſtrs *Sa ſaus* Fanne,
Hee and his Boy, will make a proper man.

EPIG. 34.

LAugh good my Maiſters, if you can intend it,
For yonder comes a Foole that will defend it:
Saw you a verier Aſſe in all your life,
That makes himſelfe a Pack-horſe to his Wife?
I would his noſe where I could wiſh, were warme,
For carrying *Pearle* ſo pretty vnder's arme.
Pearle, his wiues Dog, a pretty ſweete fac'd curre,
That

EPIGRAMS.

That barkes a nights at the leaſt fart doth ſturre,
Is now not well, his cold is ſcarſely broke;
Therfore good Hisband, wrap him in thy cloake:
And ſweet-heart, prethee helpe me to my Maske;
Hold *Pearle* but tender, for he hath the laske.
Heere, take my Muffe: & do you heare good man
Now giue me *Pearle*, and carry you my Fanne.
Alack poore *Pearle*, the wretch is full of paine,
Hisband take *Pearle*, giue me my Fanne againe.
See how he quakes; fayth I am like to weepe:
Come to me *Pearle*; my Scarfe good hisband keepe
To be with mee I know my Puppy loues.
Why *Pearle* I ſay: Hisband take vp my Gloues.
Thus goodman Idiot thinkes himſelfe an Earle,
That he can pleaſe his Wife, and carry *Pearle*:
But others iudge his ſtate to be no higher,
Then a Dogs yeoman, or ſome Pippin ſquier.

EPIG. 35.

WHy ſhould the Mercers trade, a Sattin ſuite,
with Cooks greaſe be ſo wickedly polute?
The reaſon is; the ſcandall and defame
Grew, that a greaſie ſlouen weares the ſame.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIG. 36.

SEVERVS is extreame in eloquence,
In perfum'd wordes, plung'd ouer head & eares
He doth create rare Phraſe, but rarer Sence,
Fragments of Latine all about he beares:
Vnto his Seruing-man, *alias*, his Boy,
He vtters ſpeach exceeding quaint and coy.

Demmitiue, and my defectiue Slaue,
Reach me my corps couerture immediatly:
My pleaſures pleaſure is, the ſame to haue,
T'inſconce my perſon from frigiditie.
His man beleeues all's Welch his Maiſter ſpoke,
Till he raiſes Engliſh: Rogue go fetch my Cloke.

EPIG. 37

AN honeſt Vicker, and a kind conſort,
That to the Ale-houſe friendly would reſort,
To haue a game at Tables now and than;
Or drinke his Pot as ſoone as any man:
As faire a Gameſter, and as free from braull,
As euer man ſhould need to play withall:
Becauſe his Hoſteſſe pledg'd him not Carouſe,
Raſhly in choller did forſweare her houſe;

Taking

EPIGRAMS.

Taking the Glaſſe, this was the Oath he ſwore,
Now by this Drinke, Ile nere come hither more.
But mightily his Hoſteſſe did repent,
For all her Gueſtes to the next Ale-houſe went;
Following their Vickers ſteps in euery thing,
He led the Pariſh euen by a ſtring.
At length, his auncient Hoſteſſe did complaine,
She was vndone vnleſſe he came againe;
Deſiring certaine friendes of hers and his,
To vſe a pollicie, which ſhould be this:
Becauſe with cõming he ſhould not forſweare him
To ſaue his oath, they on their backs to beare him.
Of this good courſe the Vicker well did thinke,
And ſo they alwayes carryed him to drinke.

FINIS.

Your Scoane is done, depart you Epigrammes,
Enter Goat-footed Satyres, *but like Rammes:*
Come nimbly foorth, Why ſtand you on delay?
O-ho, the Muſique-tuning makes you ſtay:
Well ſtruke it out nimbly; you ſlaues begin,
For now meethinkes, the Fidlers hands are in.

SATYRES.

1.

WHo haue we heere? Behold him and be mute,
Some mighty Man (Ile warrant) by his lute:
If all the Mercers in Cheapſide ſhew ſuch,
Ile giue them leaue to giue me twiſe as much:
I thinke the Stuffe is nameleſſe he doth weare:
But what ſo ere it be, it is huge geare.
Marke but his gate, and giue him then his due,
Some ſwaggring Fellow, I may ſay to you:
It ſeemes *Ambition* in his bigge lookes ſhroudes,
Some *Centaure* ſure, begotten of the Cloudes.
Now a ſhame take the Buzzard, is it hee?
I know the Ruffian now his face I ſee.
On a more Gull the Sunne did neuer ſhine,
How (with a vengeance) comes the foole ſo fine?
Some Noble-mans caſt Sute is fallen vnto him,
For buying Hoſe & Doublet, would vndoe him.
But wote you now whither the Buzzard walkes?
I, into *Paules* forſooth, and there he talkes
Of forraine tumultes, vttring his aduice,
And prouing Warres euen like a game at dice:

For

For this (ſayes he) as euery Gameſter knowes,
Where one ſide wins, the other ſide muſt loſe.
Next ſpeach he vtters, is his ſtomacks care,
Which ordinarily yeeldes the cheapeſt fare:
Or if his Purſe be out of tune to pay,
Then he remembers, tis a Faſting day:
And then he talketh much againſt exceſſe,
Swearing all other Nations eate farre leſſe
Then Engliſhmen; experience you may get
In France and Spaine, (where he was neuer yet)
With a ſcore of Figges, and halfe a pint of Wine,
Some foure or fiue will very hugely dine.
Mee thinkes this tale is very hude in ſound,
That halfe a pint ſhould ſerue fiue to drink round,
And twentie Figges could feed them full and fat:
But Trauellers may lye; who knowes not that?
Then why not he, that trauels in conceit,
From Eaſt to Weſt, when he can get no meate?
His iourney is in *Paules* in the backe Iſles,
Wher's ſtomack counts each pace a hūdred miles
A tedious thing, though chaunce will haue it ſuch
To trauell ſo long bay tleſſe, ſure tis much.
Some other time, ſtumbling on wealthy Chuffes,
Worth gulling, then he ſwaggers all in huffes,

And

And tels them of a Prize he was at taking, (ing.
Will be the Ship-boyes childrens childrens mak-
And that a Mouſe could find no roome in hold,
It was ſo pefterd all with Pearle and Gold:
Vowing to pawne his Head, if it were tride,
They had more Rubies then wold paue Cheapſide
A thouſand other groſſe and odious lyes,
He dares auouch to blind dull Iudgements eyes,
Not caring what he ſpeake, or what he ſweare,
So he gaine credite at his hearers eare.
Sometimes into the *Reall Exchange* hee'le drop,
Clad in the ruines of a Brokers ſhop:
And there his tongue runs byas on affaires,
No talke but of commodities and Wares:
And what great wealth he lookes for ery wind
From God knows where, the place is hard to find.
If Newes be harkened for, then he preuailes,
Setting his Mint a worke to coyne falſe tales.
His tongues-end is betipt with forged chat,
Vttring rare lyes, to be admired at:
Heele tell you of a Tree that he doth know,
Vpon the which Rapiers and Daggers grow,
As good as Fleetſtreet hath in any ſhop,
Which being ripe, downe into Scabbards drop.

He hath a very peece of the ſame Chaire,
In which *Cæſar* was ſtabb'd: Is it not rare?
He with his feete ypon the ſtones did tread,
That *Satan* brought, & bad *Chriſt* make thē bread.
His wondrous trauels challenge ſuch renowne,
That Sir *Iohn Mandiuell* is quite put downe.
Men without heads, & *Pigmies* hand-breadth hie,
Thoſe with one legge that on their backes do lie,
And do the weathers iniurie diſdaine,
Makeing their legges a penthouſe for the raine:
Are tut, and tuſh; not any thing at all.
His knowledge knows, what no mans notice ſhall
This is a mate vnmeete for euery Groome,
And where he comes, peace, giue his lying roome.
He ſaw a *Hollander* in *Middleborough*,
As he was ſlaſhing of a Browne-loafe thorough,
Where-to the haſte of hunger had inclin'd him,
Cut himſelfe through, and two that ſtood behind
Beſides, he ſaw a fellow put to death, (him:
Could drinke a whole Beere-barrell at a breath.
Oh this is hee that will ſay any thing,
That to himſelfe will any profite bring.
Gainſt whoſoere he doth ſpeake he cares not:
For what is it that ſuch a villaine dares not?

And

And though in conſcience he can not deny,
The Al-commaunder ſayth, *Thou ſhalt not lye*;
Yet he will anſwere (careleſſe of his ſoules ſtate)
Truth-telling, is a thing obtaineth hate.

2.

SATYRE.

A Man may tell his friend his fault in kindneſſe,
To winke at folly, is a fooliſh blindneſſe.
God ſaue you ſir, ſaluteth with a greece,
One he could wiſh neuer to ſee his face.
But doth not he vſe meere diſsimulation,
That's inſide hate, and outſide ſalutation?
Yes as I take it; yet his anſwere ſayes,
Faſhions and Cuſtomes, vſe it now adayes,
A Gentleman perhaps may chaunce to meete
His Liuing-griper face to face in ſtreete:
And though his lookes are odious vnto ſight,
Yet will he do him the French *Conges* right,
And in his heart wiſh him as low as Hell,
When in his words hee's glad to ſee him well:
Then being thus, a man may ſoone ſuppoſe,
There is, *God ſaue you ſir*, ſometimes twixt foes.

Oh ſir, why thats as true as you are heere,
With one example I will make it cleere,
And farre to fetch the ſame I will not goe,
But into *Houns-ditch*, to the Brokers roe:
Or any place where that trade doth remaine,
Whether at *Holborne Conduit*, or *Long-lane*:
If thither you vouchſafe to turne your eye,
And ſee the Pawnes that vnder forfaytelye,
Which are foorth comming ſir, and ſafe enough,
Sayes good-man Broker, in his new print ruffe:
He will not ſtand too ſtrictly on a day,
Encouraging the party to delay,
With all good words, the kindeſt may be ſpoke,
He turnes the Gentleman out of his Cloake:
And yet betweene them both at euery meeting,
God ſaue you ſir, is their familiar greeting.
This is much kindnes ſure, I pray commend him,
with great good words he highly doth defend him
It is a fauour at a pinch, in need.
A pinching friendſhip, and a pinching deed.
The ſlaue may weare his ſutes of Sattin ſo,
And like a man of reputation go,
When all he hath in's houſe, or on his backe,
It is his owne by forfeytures ſhipwracke.

See you the Brooch that long in's Hat hath bin?
It may be there, it coſt him not a pin:
His ſundry ſortes of diuers mens attire,
He weares them cheape, euen at his owne deſire:
Shame ouer-take the Peſſant for his paine,
That he ſhould prey on loſſes, to his gaine,
In drawing wardropes vnder his ſubiection,
Being a Knaue in manners and complexion:
Iumpe like to *Vſurie*, his neereſt kinne:
That weares a Mony bag vnder his chinne;
A bunch that doth reſemble ſuch a ſhape,
And hayred like to Paris-garden Ape,
Foming about the chops like ſome wild Boore,
As ſwart and tawnie as an *Indian* Moore:
With narrow brow, and Squirrell eyes, he ſhowes
His faces chiefeſt ornament is Noſe,
Full furniſhed with many a Clarret ſtaine,
As large as any Codpeece of a *Dane*;
Emboſſed curious, euery eye doth iudge,
His Iacket faced with Moth-eaten Budge:
To which, a paire of Sattin ſleeues he weares,
Wherein two pound of Greace about he bearest
His Spectacles doe in a Copper caſe
Hang dangling about his piſſing place.

His Breeches and his Hoſe, and all the reſt,
Are ſutable: His Gowne (I meane his beſt)
Is full of threedes, intitl'd, right threed-bare;
But Wooll thereon is wondrous ſcant and rare.
The Welting hath him in no charges ſtood,
Being the ruines of a caſt French hood.
Exceſſe is ſinfull, and he doth defie it,
A ſparing whorſon in attire and diet.
Onely exceſſe is lawfull in his Cheſt,
For there he makes a Golden Angels neſt;
And vowes no farder to be found a lender,
Then that moſt precious mettall doth engender:
Begetting dayly more and more increaſe,
His Monyes ſlaue, till wretched life ſurceaſe,
Thus is the *Iew* alyed very neare
Vnto the *Broker*, for they both doe beare
Vndoubted teſtimonies of their kinne:
A brace of Raſcals in a league of ſinne:
Two filthy Curres, that will on no man fawne,
Before they taſte the ſweetneſſe of the pawne.
And then the ſlaues will be as kind forſooth,
Not as *Kind-heart*, in drawing out a Tooth:
For he doth eaſe the patient of his paine,
But they diſeaſe the Borrower of his gaine.

Yet

Yet neither of them vſe extreamitie,
They can be Villaines euen of charitie.
To lend our Brother it is meete and fit,
Giue him Roſt-meat, & beat him with the Spit.
Vſurie ſure is requiſite and good,
And ſo is Brokage, rightly vnderſtood.
But ſoft a little, what is hee ſayes ſo?
One of the twaine (vpon my life) I know.

3.

SATYRE.

OH, let the Gentlewoman haue the wall,
I know her well; tis Miſtris what-d'ye-call.
It ſhould be ſhee both by her Maske and Fanne:
And yet it ſhould not, by her Seruing-man:
For if mine eyes doe not miſtake the Foole,
He is the Vſher of ſome Dauncing Schole:
The reaſon why I doe him ſuch ſuppoſe,
Is this, Mee thinkes he daunceth as he goes.
An actiue fellow, though he be but poore,
Either to vault vpon a Horſe, or, &c.

See you the huge Bum-dagger at his backe,
To which no Hilt nor Iron he doth lacke:
Oh with that blade he keeps the Queanes in awe,
Bravely behacked like a two-hand Saw,
Stampes on the ground, & biteth both his thombs
vnleſſe he be commaunder where he comes.
You damned Whores where are you? quick, come
Dry this *Tobacco*, fill a dozen a Beere: (heere,
Will you be briefe, or long you to be bang'd?
Hold take this Match, goe light it and be hang'd.
Where ſtay theſe whores when Gentlemē do call?
Heer's no attendance (by the Lord) at all.
Then downe the ſtaires the pots in rage he throws
And in a damned vaine of ſwearing growes:
For he will challenge any vnder heau'n,
To ſweare with him, and giue him ſixe at ſeauen:
Oh he is an accompliſh'd Gentleman,
And many rare conceited knackes he can;
Which yeeld to him a greater ſtore of gaine,
Then iugling Kings, Hey-paſſe, Legerdemaine.
His Wit's his lyuing; one of quaint deuice,
For Bowling-allies, Cockpits, Cardes, or Dice;
To thoſe exployts he euer ſtands prepar'd:
A Villaine excellent at a Bum-card.

The

The Knaue of Clubbes he any time can burne,
And find him in his booſome, for his turne.
Tut, he hath Cardes for any kind of game,
Primero, *Saunt*, or whatſoeuer name:
Make him but dealer, all his fellowes ſweares,
If you find good dealing, take his eares:
But come to Dice, why thats his onely trade,
Michell Mum-chaunce his owne inuention made.
He hath a Stocke whereon his lyuing ſtayes,
And they are *Fullams*, and *Bardquarter-trayes*:
His *Langreats*, with his *Hie-men*, and his *Low*,
Are ready what his pleaſure is to throw.
His ſtopt Dice with Quick-ſiluer neuer miſſe:
He calles for come on Fiue, and there it is:
Or elſe heele haue it with fiue and a reach,
Althoug it coſt his necke the Halter ſtreach.
Beſides all this ſame kind of cheating art,
The Gentleman hath ſome good other part,
Well ſeene in *Magicke* and *Aſtrologie*,
Flinging a Figure wondrous handſomly:
Which if it doth not miſſe, it ſure doth hit.
Of troth, the man hath great ſtore of ſmall wit.
And note him whereſoeuer that he goes,
His Bookes of Characters is in his Hoſe.

His dinner he will not presume to take,
Ere he aske counsell of an Almanacke.
Heele find if one proove false vnto his Wife,
Onely with Oxe blood and a rustie Knife.
He can transforme himselfe vnto an Asse,
Shew you the Diuell in a Christall glasse;
The Diuell say you? Why I, is that such wonder,
Being consorts, they will not be a sunder.
Alcumie in his braines so sure doth settle,
He can make Gold of any Copper Kettle;
Within three weekes space, or such a thing,
Riches vpon the whole world he could bring:
But in his owne Purse one shall hardly spie it,
Witnesse his Hostis, for a twelue months diet:
Who would be glad of Gold or Siluer either,
But sweares by Chalk & Post, she can get neither.
More, he will teach any to gaine their Loue:
As thus, (sayes he) Take me a Turtle Doue,
And in an Ouen let her lie and bake
So dry, that you may pouder of her make:
Which being put into a cup of Wine,
The Wench that drinkes it, will to loue incline;
And shall not sleepe quiet in her Bed,
Till she be eased of her Mayden-head.

This

This is *Probatum*, and it hath been tride,
Or elſe the cunning man cunningly lide:
It may be ſo, a Lie is not ſo ſtrange;
Perhaps he ſpake it when the Moone did change,
And therevpon (no doubt) th'occaſion ſprunge,
Vnconſtant *Luna* ouer-rul'd his tongue.
Aſtronomers that traffique with the Skie,
By common cenſure ſometime mecte the lie:
Although indeed their blame is not ſo much,
When Starres & Planets faile, and keepe not tutch
And ſo this fellow with his large profeſſion,
That endes his tryall in a farre digreſſion:
Philoſophers bequeathed him their Stone,
To make Gold with, yet can his Purſe hold none.

4. SATYRE.

M*Elſunius*, ſweete Roſe-watred Eloquence,
Thou that haſt hunted *Babariſmus* hence,
And taught the Good-man *Cobbin* at his Plow,
To be as eloquent as *Tullie* now;

Who

Who nominates his Bread and Cheese a name,
(That doth vntruſſe the nature of the ſame)
His Stomacke ſtayer. How dee like the Phraſe?
Are Plough-men ſimple fellowes now adayes?
Not ſo my Maiſters: What meant *Singer* then,
And *Pope* the Clowne, to ſpeake ſo booriſh, when
They counterfaite the Clownes vpon the Stage,
Since Country fellowes grow in this ſame age,
To be ſo quaint in their new printed ſpeech,
That Cloth will now compare in Velvet-breech?
Let him, diſcourſe euen where and when he dare,
Talke nere ſo Inckhorne learnedly and rare,
Sweare Cloth-breech is a peſſant (by the Lord)
Threaten to draw (his wrath venger) his ſword:
Tuſh, Cloth-breech doth deride him with a laffe,
And lets him ſee *Bone-baſter*, that's his Staffe:
Then tels him brother, friend, or ſo forth; heare ye
Tis not your Knitting-needle makes me feare ye:
If to aſſention you are ſo declinde,
I haue a reſtitution in my minde:
For though your Beard do ſtand ſo fine muſtated,
Perhaps your Noſe may be tranſfiſticated.
Man, I dare challenge thee to throw the Sledge,
To iumpe, or leape ouer Ditch or Hedge;

To Wraſtle, play at Stooleball, or to Runne;
To pich the Barre, or to ſhoote off a Gunne:
To play at Loggets, Nine holes, or Ten-pinnes;
To try it out at Foot-ball by the ſhinnes.
At Ticktacke, Iriſh, Noddy, Maw, and Ruffe:
At Hot-cockles, Leap-frog, or Blindman-buffe:
To drinke halfe Pots, or deaſe at the whole Can:
To play at Baſe, or Pen and Inck-horne ſir Ihan:
To daunce the Mirris, play at Barly-breake:
At all exployts a man can thinke or ſpeake,
At Shoue-groat, Venter-poynt, or Croſſe & pile,
At Beſhrow him thats laſt at yonder Stile:
At leaping ore a Midſommer Bone-fier,
Or at the drawing Dunne out of the myer:
At any of thoſe, or all theſe, preſently;
Wagge but your finger, I am for you, I.
I ſcorne (that any Younſter of our Towne)
To let the Bow-bell Cockney put mee downe.
This is a Gallant farre beyond a Gull;
For very Valour filles his Pockets full, (ty,
Wit ſhowers vpon him Wiſedomes raine in plen-
For heele be hangd, if any man find twenty
In all their Pariſh, what ſo ere they bee,
Can ſhew a head ſo polliticke as hee.

It was his Fathers lucke of lite to die
Vnteſtate, hee about the Legacie
To *London* came, inquiring all about,
How he might finde a Ciuil-villine out?
Being vnto a Ciuill Lawyer ſent:
Pray Sir (quoth he) are you the man I meant,
That haue a certaine kind of occupation
About dead men, that leaue things out of faſhion?
Death hath done that which t'anwer he's not able,
My Father he is dyed deteſtable:
I being his eldeſt heire, he did prefer
Meſir, to be his executioner:
And very briefly my requeſt to finiſh,
Pray how may I by Law, his goods deminiſh?
Was this a Clowne, tell me true, or was he none?
You make fatte Clownes, if ſuch as he be one:
A man may ſweare, if he were vrg'd to it,
Fooliſher fellowes, haue not ſo much wit.
Oh ſuch as hee, are euen the onely men,
Loue-letters in a Milke-maydes praiſe to pen:
Lines that will worke the curſteſt ſullen Shrow,
To loue a man whether he will or no:
Being moſt wonderous patheticall,
To make *Ciſſe* out of cry in loue withall:

He

He ſcornes that M. Scholemaiſter ſhould thinke,
He wantes his ayde in halfe a pen of Incke:
As that he doth, it commeth euery whit,
From Natures dry-fat, his owne Mother wit.
As thus:
Thou Honny ſuckle of the Hawthorne hedge,
Vouchſafe in *Cupids* cuppe my heart to pledge:
My hearts deare blood (ſweete *Ciſſe*) is thy carouſe
Worth all the Ale in Gammer *Gubbins* houſe:
I ſay no more, affayres call me away,
My Fathers Horſe for Prouender doth ſtay:
Be thou the Lady *Creſſet-light* to mee,
Sir *Trollibollus* I will prooue to thee.
Written in haſte: Farewell my Cowſlip ſweete,
Pray lets a Sunday at the Ale-houſe meete.

5.

SATYRE.

TIs a bad world, the common ſpeach doth goe,
And he complaines, that helpes to make it ſo:
Yet euery man th'imputed crime would ſhun,
Hipo-

Hipocriſie with a fine threed is ſpun.
Each ſtriues to ſhew the very beſt in ſeeming,
Honeſt enough, if honeſt in eſteeming.
Praiſe waites vpon him now with much renowne
That wraps vp *Vices* vnder *Vertues* gowne:
Commending with good words, religious deeds,
To helpe the poore, ſupply our neighbours needs
Doe no man wrong, giue euery man his owne,
Be frind to all, and enemie to none.
Haue charity, auoyde contentious ſtrife:
Oft he ſpeakes thus, that nere did good in's life.
Deriſion hath an oare in euery Boate,
In's Neigbours eye he quickly ſpies a Moate,
but the great Beame that's noted in his owne,
He lets remaine, and neuer thinkes thereon.
Some doe report he beares about a Sacke,
Halfe hanging forwards, halfe behind at's backe:
And his owne faultes (quite out of ſight & minde)
He caſtes into the part that hanges behinde:
But other mens, he putteth in before,
And into them, he looketh euermore.
Contempt comes very neere to th'others vaine,
He hates all good deſerts with proud diſdaine:
Raſhneſſe is his continuall walkingmate,

Coſtly

Coſtly apparel'd, lofty in his gate:
Vp to the eares in double Ruffes and Starch,
God bleſſe your eyſight when you ſee him march:
Statutes and Lawes he dare preſume to breake,
Againſt Superiours cares not what he ſpeake.
It is his Humours recreation fittes,
To beat Conſtables, and reſiſt all Writtes:
Swearing the ripeſt Wits are childiſh young,
Vnleſſe they gaine inſtructions from his tongue,
Theres nothing done amongſt the very beſt,
But he'le deride it with ſome bitter ieſt.
It's meate and drinke vnto him alwayes, when
He may be cenſuring of other men,
If a man doe but toward a Tauerne looke,
He is a Drunkard hee'le ſweare on a Booke:
Or if one part a Fray of good intention,
He is a quarreller, and loues diſſention.
Thoſe that with ſilence vaine diſcourſes breake,
Are proud fantaſtickes, that diſdaine to ſpeake,
Such as ſpeake ſoberly with wiſedomes leaſure,
Are fooles, that in affected ſpeach take pleaſure,
If he heare any that repooueth vice,
He ſayes, there's none but Hipocrites, ſo nice.
No honeſt woman that can paſſe along,

But muſt indure ſome ſcandall from his tongue:
Shee deales croſſe blows her husband neuer feeles
This Gentlewoman weareth capering heeles.
There minces *Mall*, to ſee what youth wil like her
Her eyes doe beare her witneſſe ſhe's a ſtriker.
Yonders a Wench new dipt in Beauties blaze,
She is a Mayde, as Maydes goe now adayes.
And thus *Contempt* makes choyſeſt recreation,
In holding euery one in deteſtation:
His common gate is of the iutting ſize,
He hath a paire of euer-ſtaring eyes,
And lookes a man ſo hungry in the face,
As he would eate him vp, and nere ſay grace.
A little low-crownd Hat he alwayes weares,
And Fore-horſe like therein a Fether beares.
Goodly curld lockes: but ſurely tis great pitty,
For want of kembing, they are beaſtly nitty.
His Doblet is a cut caſt Satten one: (none:
Hee ſcornes to buy new now, that nere bought
Spotted in diuers places with pure fat,
Knowne for a right tall trencher-man by that.
His Breeches that came to him by befriending,
Are deſperat like himſelfe, & quite paſt mending.
He takes a common courſe to goe vntruſt,

Ex.

Except his Shirt's a waſhing; then he muſt
Goe wool-ward for the time: he ſcornes it hee,
That worth two Shirts his Landreſſe ſhould him
The weapons that his humors do afford, (ſee.
Is Bum-dagger, and Basket hilted Sword:
And theſe in euery Baudy houſe are drawne
Twiſe in a day, vnleſſe they be at pawne.
If any fall togeather by the eares,
To field cries he; why, zownes (to field) he ſweares,
Shew your ſelues men: hey, flaſh it out th'blowes,
Let won make tothers Guttes garter his hoſe:
Make Steele and Iron vmpires to the fray,
You ſhall haue mee goe with you to ſee faire play:
Let mee alone, for I will haue a care,
To ſee that one doe kill the tother faire.
This is *Contempt*, that's euery ones diſdayner,
The Strife purſuer, and the Peace-refrayner:
Hates thunderbolt, damn'd *Murders* larum-bell,
A neere deare kinſman to the Diuell in Hell;
And he whom *Satan* to his humour bringes,
Is th'onely man for all deteſted thinges.

6.
SATYRE.

Tom's no good fellow, nor no honeſt man:
Hang him, he wold not pledge *Ralfe* halfe a can
But if a frind may ſpeake as he doth thinke,
Will is a right good fellow by this drinke.
Oh *William*, *William*, th'art as kind a youth,
As euer I was drunke with, thats the truth.
Tom is no more like thee, then Chalk's like Cheeſe
To pledge a health, or to drinke vp-ſe freeze:
Fill him his Beaker, he will neuer flinch,
To giue a full quart pot the emptie pinch.
Heele looke vnto your water well enough,
And hath an eye that no man leaues a ſnuffe.
A pox of peece-meale drinking (*William* ſayes.)
Play it away, weele haue no ſtoppes and ſtayes,
Blowne drinke is odious, what man can diſieſt it:
No faythfull drunkard, but he doth deteſt it.
I hate halfe this; out with it, and an end,
He is a Buzzard will not pledge his friend,

But ſtands as though his drinkes malt-ſacke were
with *Hoer's t'ye for, againſt you are diſpoſed:* (cloſed
How ſay my friend, an may I be ſo bold,
Blowing on's Beere like Broth, to make it cold;
Keeping the full Glaſſe till it ſtand and ſower,
Drinking but after halfe a mile an hower;
Vnworthy to make one, or gaine a place,
Where *beene* Companions gage the Pots apace;
A mans a man, and therewithall an end;
Goodfellowſhip was bred and borne to ſpend.
No man ere ſaw a pound of ſorrow yet,
Could be allowd to pay an ounce of debt.
We may be heere to day, and gone to morrow.
Call me for ſix Pots more: come on, hang ſorrow,
Tut, lacke another day? Why, tis all one,
When we are dead, then all the world is gone.
Begin to me good *Ned*: What, haſt gone right?
Is it the ſame that tickeld me laſt night?
We gaue the Brewers Diet-drinke a wipe:
Braue *Malt-Tobacco* in a Quart-pot-pipe;
It nettled mee, and did my braines inſpire,
I haue forſworne your drinking ſmoke and fire;
Out vpon Cane and Leaſe *Tobacco* ſtuffe,
Diuels take home your drinke, keepe it in Hell.

Carowſe in Cannon *Trinidado* ſmoake,
Drinke healths to one another till you choake,
And let the *Indians* pledge you till they ſweat:
Giue mee the element that drowneth heat,
Strong ſodden Water is a vertuous thing,
It makes one ſweare and ſwagger like a King,
And hath more hidden vertue then you thinke:
For Ile maintaine, good liquor's meate & drinke.
Nay, Ile go farther with you, for in troth,
It is as good as Meate, and Drinke, and Cloth:
For he that is in Malt-mans Hall inrold,
Cares not a poynt for hunger nor for cold:
If he be cold, he drinketh till he ſweat,
If he be hot, he drinkes to lay the heat:
So that how ere it be, cold or hot,
To precious vſe he doth apply the Pot:
And will approue it Phiſicall ſound,
If it be drunke vpon the *Dunſh* round,
Or taken with a Pickle-hearing or two,
As *Flemmings* at Saint *Katherines* vſe to doe:
Which Fiſh hath vertue, eaten ſalt and raw,
To pull drinke to it, euen as leat doth Straw.
Oh tis a very Whetſtone to the braine: (raine:
A March-beere ſhower that puts downe Aprill

It

It makes a man actiue to leape and ſpring,
To daunce and vault, to carroll and to ſing:
For all exployts it doth a man inable;
To o're leape mens heads, and caper ore the table:
To burne Sacke with a Candle till hee reeles,
And then to trip vp his companions heeles:
To ſing like the great Organ pipe in *Paules*,
And cenſure all men vnder his controules.
Againſt all commers ready to maintaine,
That deepeſt wit is in a drunken braine.
I marry is it; that it is he knowes it,
And by this drinke, at all times will depoſe it.
He ſayes, that day is to a minute ſhrunke,
In which he makes not ſome good fellow drunke.
And for nine Worthies on his Hoſtis wall,
He knowes three worthy drunkards paſſe the all:
The firſt of them, in many a Tauerne tride,
At laſt, ſubdued by *Aquauitæ*, dide.
His ſecond Worthies date was brought to fine,
Feaſting with Oyſters and braue Reniſh wine.
The third, whom diuers Dutchmen held full deere
was ſtabb'd by pickeld Hearings & ſtrong beere.
Well, happie is the man doth rightly know,
The vertue of three cuppes of *Charnico*:

Being

Being taken fasting, the onely cure for Flegme,
It worketh wonders on the braine extreame.
A pottle of Wine at morning, and at night,
Drunke with an Apple, is imployment right,
To rince the Liuer, and to purifie
A dead sicke heart from all infirmitie.

7.
SATYRE.

I Iu'd the Philosopher *Heraclitus*,
In *Troynouant*, as once in *Ephesus*?
Were not *Democritus* liues-date full done,
But he with vs and's Glasse some Sand to runne?
How would the first dry-weepe his watry eyes,
And th'others laughter, ecche through the skies?
For while they in this world were resident,
Heraclitus for Vertues banishment,
Perform'd a pensiue teare-complayning part:
Democritus, he laugh'd euen from his heart,
Spending his time in a continuall ieft,
To see base Vice so highly in request.

Weepe

Weepe Vertues want, & giue ſad ſighes to boote,
Vice rides on Horſe-backe, Vertue goes on foote.
Yet laugh againe as faſt on th'other ſide,
To ſee ſo vile a ſcumme preferr'd to ride.
But what wilt helpe to ſigh on flintie ſinne?
T'will not be mollifide as it hath binne:
T'is farre more highly fauour'd then before,
For Sinne's no Begger, ſtanding at the dore;
That by his Patches doth his want diſpute,
But a right welcome Sir, for's coſtly ſute:
And maskes about with ſuch an oſtentation,
World ſayes Vice-haters loues no recreation.
You ſhall haue ſmooth-fac'd neate Diſſimulation
A true *What lacke you?* by his occupation,
Will (*In truth, Tes truly*) ſhew you Ware,
All London cannot with his Stuffe compare:
Nay, if you match it (goe from him to any)
Take his for nothing, pay him not a penny.
At this, my ſimple honeſt Country-man,
Takes *Truth*, and *Truly*, for a Puritan, (ing,
And dares in's conſcience ſweare he loues no ly-
But that they deale for, he giues him the buying:
To let him haue a pen-worth he is willing;
Yet for a groats-worth, makes him pay a ſhilling:

Giues

Giues Good-man *Trollop* one thing for an other,
And sayes, heele vse him as he were his Brother:
But while his eares with brothers tearmes he feeds
He prooueth but a Coosen in his deeds:
Brotherhood once in kindred bore the sway;
But that dates out, and Coosnage hath the day.
The foregone ages that are spent and done,
The old time past, that calles time present, Sonne,
Saw better yeeres, & more plaine meaning houres
Then presently, or future following ours:
The World is naught, and now vpon the ending,
Grows worse & worse, & fardest off frō mending
Seauen graund Diuels, bred and borne in Hell,
Are grac'd like Monarches on the earth to dwell:
where they cōmand the worlds whole globy roūd
Leauing poore *Vertuous* life, no dwelling ground.
Pride is the first, and he began with *Eue*,
Whose cognisance stil's worne on womans sleeue:
He fits the humours of them in their kinde,
With euery Moneth, new liueries to their minde.
A Buske, a Maske, a Fanne, a monstrous Ruffe,
A boulster for their Buttockes, and such stuffe:
More light & toyish then the wind-blown chaffe,
As though they meant to make the Diuell laugh.

The

The next that matcheth, is the roote of euill,
Cal'd *Couetouſneſſe*, a greedy raſcall Diuell:
To fill olde Iron barred cheſtes, he rakes.
Great rentes for little Cottages he takes:
Hording vp corne, in hope to haue a yeare,
Fit for his cut-throte humour to ſell deare.
Then is there a notorious bawdie Feend,
Nam'd *Letcherie*, who all his time doth ſpend,
In two wheeld Coatch, and Baſon occupation.
Making a vaulting houſe his recreation.
Vnto his doore the *Sumner* howerly marches:
And euery Tearme looke for him in the Arches.
Enui's the fourth, a Diuell dogged ſprighted;
In others harmes he chiefly is delighted;
His heart againſt all charitie is ſteeld,
His frownes are all challenges to the field:
Though nothing croſſe him, yet he murmers euer.
He laughs at ſome mans loſſe, or els laughs neuer.
Wrath is the next, that ſwaggers, fights, & ſweares,
In *Fleetſtreet* brauely at it by the eares:
Parboyld in rage, pepperd in heat of ire,
Hot liuerd, and as chollericke as fire.
Vitlers and Sergiants are beholden to him,
Till Halter deſtinie of life vndoe him.

Sixt

Sixe lubberly gor-bellied Diuell great,
Is *Gluttonie*, swolne with excesse of meate:
His belly ship containes th'insaciate gutte,
Paunch'd liquor proofe, an't were a Malmsie butt,
Dulled with drinke: this is his vsual phrase,
Yet one Quart, and a morsell more, he sayes.
The last, is *Sloth*; a lazie drueliſh Curre,
So trust in *Idlenesse*, he scarce can sturre:
Lumpish and heauie thoughts, of *Sathans* giuing,
That rather begges, then labours for his liuing.
These seauen, are Feends come forth of Hels darke
On earth seducing soules, misguiding men. (den

FINIS.